

(139)

A

TRIP TO NIAGARA;
OR,
TRAVELLERS IN AMERICA.
A FARCE,
IN THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE BOWERY THEATRE, NEW-YORK.

BY WILLIAM DUNLAP,

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AUTHOR OF MEMOIRS OF G. F. COOKE—BIOGRAPHY OF C. B.

BROWN—FATHER OF AN ONLY CHILD, A COMEDY,

&c. &c. &c.

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TO THE NICHOLAS

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PREFACE.

THE following Farce, for, be it remembered, it makes pretensions to no higher character, was written at the request of the Managers, and intended by them as a kind of running accompaniment to the more important product of the Scene-painter.

The Author has not hesitated to use any material, not already appropriated to the drama, which might answer the important purpose of keeping the audience, or spectators, in good humour while the scenery and machinery was in preparation; but the best jokes, he believes, were never book'd before. The plan of making the prejudiced traveller owe his cure to one of his own countrymen, prevents (or was so intended) any disagreeable nationalities, and serves the further purpose of giving the author an excuse for the imperfections of the French, or Yankee character, as the representative of both is an Englishman. As his Frenchman is no Frenchman, and his Yankee an Englishman, he gains this important advantage, that any mistake of idiom, will be characteristic.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Wentworth, - - - - - Mr. FISHER.
Mr. Bull, - - - - - CHAPMAN.
Dennis Dougherty, - - - - - WALLACK.
Leather-Stocking, - - - - - FORBES.
Job Jerryson, - - - - - REED.

First steam-boat Runner,
Second steam-boat Runner,
Steam Engineer,
Landlord at Catskill,
Waiter at Catskill,
Waiter at Buffalo,
Porters,
Travellers.

Amelia Wentworth, - - - - - Mrs. HUGHES.
Nancy, - - - - - Miss FISHER.
Travellers.

A

TRIP TO NIAGARA.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

An Apartment in the City Hotel, New-York.—AMELIA WENTWORTH is discovered seated at a table, writing. NANCY, at some distance behind, sewing.

Amelia. So ! I have finished my description of Philadelphia, and given a sketch of our journey to New-York. Ninety miles, without fatigue, in nine hours. Superb steam-boats—good coaches—civil people. Landscapes presenting proofs of universal prosperity, and tables testifying overflowing abundance. And then the view on entering the bay of New-York ; its islands ; its rivers ; its shipping, and its city ! I think my sister will believe *me* ; although my letters are so directly in opposition to the book-making journalists, who have prejudiced her mind against the land of civil and religious liberty. Nancy !

Nan. Did you call, Ma'am ?

Ame. I wish to see my brother before I seal my letters for England. Where is he ?

Nan. He has gone out, Ma'am.

Ame. It is no matter. I will not wait his return.

Nan. O Miss Wentworth, I wish we were going

to Lunnun again, instead of the letters you have been writing.

Ame. Why so? are you tired of travelling?

Nan. No, Ma'am, but I don't like to be where the servants are neegurs. It makes a servant-body think one's self no better nor black almost.

Ame. You have only to look in the glass, to be convinced of the contrary.

Nan. I'm sure, Ma'am, you can't like this country as well as ould England, if it is only because it isn't home.

Ame. Home is indeed dear to me, girl.

Nan. Besides, Ma'am, here are no Princesses or Princes; no Dukes or Duchesses; no Lords or Ladies—why, Ma'am, I haven't seen one coach-and-six in the country!

Ame. That is terrible.

Nan. And then, Ma'am, there is our Tummus, who came from home with us, a right good English serving-man—now—for all he as good as promised me—so he did—now, he says he wont go home and be a servant, but he will go into the woods, and buy wild lands, and be a Congress-man.

Ame. So! so! you fear you shall lose Thomas.

Nan. No, indeed, Miss —

Ame. Well, well, go, and send Thomas to me.

Nan. But you wont—Miss—mention —

Ame. Not a word—I will not betray you. [*Exit Nancy.*] Poor Nancy! she has not seen one coach-and-six in the country! Is it not strange that those who are most debased by the splendid pageantry and inordinate wealth of the great, are the most ardent admirers, the most devoted adorers of that which destroys them. Like the worshippers of the Hindu Idol, they adore the tawdry image, whose chariot-throne crushes them under its wheels. [*Goes to the table, closes and seals her letters.*]

Enter Mr. WENTWORTH.

Went. So, sister. Still scribbling.

Ame. I have finished my letters for the packet, and have given our sister some account of this interesting country. [*Comes forward.*]

Went. I wish I had never seen it. I should have taken warning from others, and not have commenced my travels in this fag-end of creation. I should have gone to Rome, and looked with delight on the ruins of greatness. But here every thing is new—no ivy crowned towers! no mouldering monuments—nothing worth a traveller's crossing a kennel to see—all fresh—all bright as a brummagem button.

Ame. Yes, all fresh, in youth, strength and beauty; and therefore most worthy of the attention of travellers from the Old World. I would rather, dear brother, see flourishing towns, with laughing inhabitants, than the ruins of barbaric Castles, or the tombs of their guilty and tyrannic Lords. I should prefer, any where, health to decrepitude. But here, I see society in all the vigour of early life, supported and protected by the wisdom and experience of past ages. If America takes warning by the errors of Europe, she will soon be the pride of the Universe!

Went. Will be! Yes, you have the true Yankee cant. Every thing that is worth having is to come.

Ame. Better so than that the good should be past, and leave only ruins and tombs. Better the prospect of a glorious futurity, than the remains of past greatness.

Went. Sister—I have no patience with you—you are a downright democrat! A radical in petticoats, and no Englishwoman.

Ame. Brother, you know better—I love dear old

England, as every Englishwoman ought—but I can see and admire what is lovely in other lands. But you —

Went. I am a true born Englishman—unprejudiced except in favour of my own country and countrymen, as I ought to be.

Ame. A truce! A truce! Have you secured our berths in the steam-boat for Albany?

Went. They told me at the office that there were no berths in the boat.

Ame. You have made some mistake brother. The boat leaves the wharf at five o'clock this afternoon—arrives in Albany at six or seven to-morrow morning; and the passengers sleep, of course, during the night.

Went. I was very particular in my inquiries, and was told that we should be in Brunswick before night.

Ame. Brunswick! Why this is as bad as going up the Delaware to Trenton, when you intended going to Baltimore. Where is your geography?

Went. No man understands the geography of Europe better than I do.

Ame. But we are now in America—therefore, pray, brother, go and secure berths in the steam-boat for Albany—and do be particular as to where the boat is going; for one would not choose to be carried south when our destination is north—and do be civil to the people—do now—for my sake.

Went. Well, well—I will—but they have no respect for a gentleman—talk to me as familiarly as if I was one of their own democratic herd, just broke loose from the sty. The more I endeavour to teach the brutes manners, the more they stiffen the bristles of their republican insolence.

Ame. But as we are travellers for our own pleasure, and not missionaries to teach manners, sup-

pose we take things as we find them, and make the best of our bargain.

Went. Well, well—it's a hard bargain, but I'll try. It's in vain to look for comfort out of old England.
[*Exit.*]

Ame. What would I not give that I could cure my good brother of his prejudices against America and Americans! It seems as if he had crossed the Atlantic for the sole purpose of confirming the notions he had previously gained from the misstatements of journalists and reviewers. He finds, or makes, all wrong—and turns the pleasures of life to torments.

Enter Mr. BULL.

Bull. Miss Wentworth! Do I intrude?

Ame. Mr. Bull! You in America?

Bull. Yes, Amelia, John Bull in America. I heard, below, that your brother was here, or I should not have presumed —

Ame. Travelling has made you mighty ceremonious, Mr. Bull. To meet an old acquaintance abroad is not usually an unpleasant circumstance; but really you look as if you had met with a rattlesnake, instead of a countrywoman and cousin. You are, I see, quite an altered man.

Bull. A little older, and I hope a little wiser than when I left England; but, at heart, still John Bull. I confess that I was surprised to hear of Mr. and Miss Wentworth being in New-York.

Ame. Surprised! Displeased, it would seem.

Bull. [After a long pause.] Cousin Amelia Wentworth!

Ame. Well, Cousin John Bull!

Bull. You may, perhaps, remember, that I once on a time was silly enough to ask you to marry me.

Ame. Yes, by chance, I do remember it. And I told you, you may remember, that you were a very green young gentleman, and had best go abroad, grow older, and if possible wiser, and learn the value of your giddy home-made cousin, by comparison with women made of foreign materials.

Bull. You did. That is, you gave me a traveling ticket. I have since seen the women of France and Germany, Spain and Italy;—I have seen all their enchanting attractions combined in the sylph-like females of this Yankee-land—and, thank you for your sage advice, I find —

Ame. In comparison with those lovely and fascinating sylphs —

Bull. My home-made Cousin Amelia is the woman of my choice after all.

Ame. O, you most incorrigibly constant John Bull.

Bull. True; and if I had not heard of your arrival in New-York, I should have taken passage for England, to claim your implied promise.

Ame. My promise!

Bull. "Implied;" that if I did not change my mind, you would take —

Ame. Your case into serious consideration,

Bull. And, instead of waiting my return, here I find you three thousand miles from home, in the land of Yankee-doodles.

Ame. Poor Johnny Bull! And is the finding me a cause of complaint? How do you know but I came here to seek you, But, seriously, my brother promised to give you notice of our intention, by letter. He was seized violently with the rambling-fever, and I thought best to attend him, as his nurse, in the hope to cure his fault-finding propensities, or at least to protect him, Minerva like, from the evils which might result from them.

Bull. How does he like the country, now that he sees it.

Ame. He *will* not see it. He teazes me to death by his obstinate determination to see nothing but through the coloured glasses of the book-makers of our own dear country. Never was poor nurse more tired of the patient committed to her charge, than I am.

Bull. I think I could cure him, if I joined your party as a fellow-traveller.

Ame. You!

Bull. I have been several months in the United States. I have travelled from Maine to Louisiana. The objects of my pursuit were pleasure and instruction; and I found both. Good humour on my part was met by good humour on the part of the natives, whether consumers of codfish and switchel, or hoe-cake and bacon. I did not expect perfection in this country, any more than in my own; but I can say that my liking, both of the people and institutions, has increased every day since I landed among them. Now, with such a stock of experience, and a knowledge of the patient and disease, I will undertake to cure your brother—with the aid and co-operation of his nurse.

Ame. He is a desperate subject.

Bull. I can cure him—but I must be rewarded.

Ame. He *ought* to pay his physician.

Bull. *You*, must pay me.

Ame. Do you expect a fee beforehand.

Bull. No. No cure no pay. But if I succeed

Ame. Well, well, I can be grateful —

Bull. And you will — [*Takes her hand.*]

Ame. [*Withdrawing it.*] No fee beforehand, you know.

Bull. It is enough—a bargain—one John Bull

shall cure another. I will travel with you *incog*. Which way do you bend your course?

Ame. We are now bound for the Falls of Niagara.

Bull. When do you go?

Ame. This afternoon.

Bull. I have no time to lose then. You shall see me again before the time of embarkation. Adieu! Confide in the physician, Mrs. Nurse. [*Exit.*]

Enter NANCY, followed by JOB JERRYSON.

Ame. Where is Thomas?

Nan. Tummus is gone, Ma'am. He tould master he was a free-man, and would have his wages, and set up for himself. So, Ma'am, I have brought this black—gentleman—waiter—thinking he might do instead.

Ame. Give him the letters for England. [*To Job.*] You will see them put in the letter-bag of the Liverpool packet. [*Exit.*]

Job. I shall do myself the honour, Madam.

Nan. The black imp!

Job. [*Taking snuff.*] You—may—give me the letters—young woman.

Nan. You may take them yourself. There they are.

Job. O!—Ah!—[*Puts up his snuff box.*] Those are—[*Looks toward them through his eye glass.*] But I—upon my honour had quite forgot—[*Looking at his watch.*] I do not think I can be spared from the hotel at this time.

Nan. Go and ask your Master.

Job. "Master!"—I have no master. Master indeed! Demmee! That's well enough! I am my own master.

Nan. I thought the keeper of the hotel was your master.

Job. Not at all. He is keeper, and I am waiter.

We have no master's here ! You wait upon Miss Wentworth, but you would not call her mistress.

Nan. But I would ; and I do.

Job. That may do for whites of the old country ; but not for gentlemen and ladies of colour, in America. You will learn, Miss Nancy—Nancy, I think is your name ?

Nan. They call me Nancy for shortness, but my name is Ann.

Job. Very well—Nancy, or Ann—You will learn Miss Ann, or Miss Nancy, after being a short time in this country, to set a proper value upon yourself. Now, if I might be permitted, I would propose for you ——

Nan. You ! *You propose for me !*

Job. If you would do me the honour, I would propose ——

Nan. I would have you know, fellow, that when I marry, I shall at least ——

Job. Marry !—'pon honour, that is too good !—I do not marry I assure you—Miss—[*Takes snuff.*] Nancy—I am not a marrying man. As the man of colour says, in the play—I would not my free condition put in confinement for seas of wealth. If you would like to see our theatre, I can give you an order. I am one of the managers. We rehearse every club night—the Shakspeare Club—and there is my friend Tom Dickson, the young coloured gentleman next door, we rub up—I would say—we brighten our memories of a morning, as we rub up the brass knobs and knockers at the street doors.

Nan. I think you had better rub up your memory now, and take my Mistress's letters.

Job. [*Looking at the letters through his glass.*] Ah, true ! [*Takes snuff.*] My honour is pledged for their safety. [*Takes letters from table.*]—As I told

Miss Diana Dingy, "The service of the fair sex is my delight."—Adieu—*mung share*. [*Exit.*]

Nan. O dear! O dear! Is not this too much for flesh and blood to bear!—Oh that I was in dear old England once more, and never might see a black face again. They may talk of well-favoured and ill-favoured—but of all favours, deliver me from a black favour!

Enter DENNIS DOHERTY.

Den. Faver!—Is it yellow faver you're spaking of, my dear.

Nan. No—black.

Den. Worse and worse. And didn't I meet a fine gentleman going out of the house, with a face as black as my shoe? Was it him you meant?

Nan. Yes, I did mean him.

Den. And does the yellow faver turn men black? To be alive, and turn black! Oh that's too bad! I am sure that the black-faced gentleman was alive; for he grinn'd when I ax't him for Mr. Wintwort, and told me to come up here.

Nan. Do you wish to see Mr. Wentworth?

Den. Fait, and I do. I want to see some person from the old country, to give me comfort and advice. His Britannic Majesty's Counsel is out of town, and the clerk told me that all the Irish who came to the country died of the faver in saisoning. So I ax't him to recommend me to some English gentleman for advice, and he sent me here to Mr. Wintwort—here's his name on the paper.

Nan. [*Reading.*] To Judy M'Graw.

Den. That's not it. That's a letter I wrote aboard ship, to inform my frinds of my safe arrival—but I think I shall carry it mysilf. That's the subscription for Mr. Wintwort. [*Offers another paper.*]

Nan. My Master has gone out, but I will inform my Mistress. [*Going, meets Mr. BULL.*]

Enter BULL, as a Frenchman.

Bull. Ah ha! Ma pretty leetle rogue a—vere is your Lady? Vere is Mam'selle Wentawort?

Nan. I am going to call her to this gentleman. [*Exit.*]

Bull. Ah ha! ver goot! [*Taking snuff.*] Gentleman? Take a some snuff, Sair? I sink you are not of dis contree?

Den. You may say that, Mounseer; and I wish you could as truly say I am not mysilf in this country.

Bull. Vye!—Vat is de mattare vid de contree? Ver goot contree.

Den. Yes. If people could live in it.

Bull. Vye de peeps are lyve. Ha! You are not dead-man, Sair?

Den. No, not yet. But I soon shall be, if I don't get off.

Bull. Get off? For vat you come here?

Den. I came to settle, as they call it, because land is chape, and I have some money to buy with. But I had no desire to settle in the churchyard; or bargain for a plantation, six feet by two. Did not I see a shop full of coffins the first day I landed? O, what a divvil of a place is it where the coffins stand ready to catch a man the moment he stips ashore. I suppose my coffin was ready made for me before I left Ireland, without even the dacent ceremony of measuring the corpse. It's the faver, Mounseer, makes me want to be off—ready-made coffins and faver!

Bull. Ah! ha! ver goot! you ave got de fevare?

Den. But have I tho'?—Do I begin to turn yellow or black?

Bull. Excuse-a-me. I voud say—ave a you got de fevare?

Den. Not yet—I blave!

Bull. Ow long you ave been ere in Merreeek?

Den. In—mer—what?

Bull. In—a-merry-kee—ow long a ave you been in Amererrykee?

Den. In a merry key! The divvil a bit of a mer-ry key have I been in, since I saw the coffin shop. I have been chop-fallen ever since.

Bull. I say, ma frent, how long since you ave been in dis contree?

Den. Just two weeks too long. I arrived a fortnight ago. And now, as there is no ship about sailing for Ireland, I want to go north, to his majesty's dominions.

Bull. And for what you go nord?

Den. For what is it? That I may feel what it is to be cool and comfortable once more, and safe under his majesty's flag.

Enter AMELIA.

Bull. [*Meeting her.*] Ah, Mam'selle Wentawort, I ave de honour to pay ma respects to you.

Ame. Sir! My servant told me you were Irish.

Bull. No, Mam'selle, upon ma vord!

Den. Oh! Who would ever mistake that mahogany faced gentleman for an Irishman. Sure it wasn't your woman made that *Bull.*

Bull. Bull?

Ame. [*Between them.*] Upon my word I am in a strange situation, with two persons upon whom I never before set eyes—and both pretty familiar.

Den. For mysilf, my Lady, I thank you for the compliment. I was as pretty a lad, before I was swcated down, as ivver stept from the Green Isle

to the Green Ocean. As to the other gentleman's beauty—it may spake for itsilf in black and yellow.

Bull. Mam'selle Wentawort, you no know a me?

Ame. Not I, Sir! Did you send for me?

Den. That was mysilf.

Bull. Not know Monsieur Tonson!

Ame. Only on the stage.

Bull. Monsieur Tonson—Bee-you-double ell.

Den. Bee-you-double ell!

Ame. Is it possible?

Den. That's Bull, sure enough. If I thought you meant any national reflections, I'd ax you how you spell frog, Mounseer!

Ame. And this is for the purpose?

Bull. No cure no pay—Siss is de first part of a ma comedie. Ah, ha! Mam'selle, you acknowledge de acquaintance?

Ame. I do.

Den. Now this would puzzle the almanac maker!

Ame. [To *Den.*] Perhaps you, too, are an old acquaintance.

Den. It may be so, my Lady—and the divvil an objection have I—but if it is so—it is so old, that I have quite forgot all about it.

Ame. Well—be that as it may—your business?

Den. When I was at home, I was a farmer—but since I have been in New-York, I have had no business but to wipe my forehead, and kill muskeetoos.

Ame. Ha, ha, ha! But your business with me? You sent word that you wanted to speak to my brother, or to me.

Den. Oh—Ah—now that's it.

Bull. Siss very honnest a gentleman—tells a me zat he vould run away nord to get away from de ate, and find protection from de fevare under de flag of his Majesty Brittanique! Ha! zat is right, mon Ami?

Ame. Perhaps the gentleman can tell his story

quite as intelligibly as you can, Monsieur Tonson!
[*To Den.*] You are discontented with this country, and would consult my brother as to the mode of getting home again.

Den. That's it, my Lady—If I had bothered about it all day I could not have said it so well. Fait, I believe it's natural for a woman's tongue to make itself understood, any how, even if she don't spake at all. Long life to the dear cratures; it's musick and dancing too to hear them!

Ame. But what is your objection to staying in this country?

Den. Hate, my Lady.

Bull. Hate! Vat, you hate de contree?

Den. Not at all.

Ame. The heat, Monsieur—the heat.

Den. Yes, my Lady, the *hate*. If I don't run away, I shall run away mysilf.

Bull. Dat is ver goot!—He runaway if he don't a run away!

Ame. But if you *stay*, you will find it cold enough.

Den. You may say that. It is cold enough under the sod in a churchyard. The first time I went to the Catedral, I took a bit of a walk in the burying ground, just to amuse mysilf wid reading the tombstones—but by my soul the place was planted with Irishmen thicker than potatoes in a well till'd patch, or crosses on a check shirt.

Bull. Sheck churt—ver goot!

Den. I wonder where was the good? I thinks I to mysilf, Dennis, did you come here to be planted in a barbarous country, like these fine hearty fellows, that I see here under ground? Their ages were put on their tombstones; and, by my soul, not one that was over thirty.

Ame. How old are you?

Den. Forty before I left Ireland.

Ame. Then you are safe.

Den. And am I? Am I?

Ame. If no Irishman dies older than thirty. You are forty, and therefore safe.

Den. And I may thank Ireland for that, and not this barbarous country.

Bull. Siss contree is ver fine contree.

Den. What signifies *that*, if a man can't live in it?

Ame. Plenty to eat and drink.

Den. Faver takes away a man's appetite.

Bull. For what you complain of favour, ha? I should a vish to ave de favour of dis contree ver mush, ma foi!

Den. Every man to his liking, sure enough.

Ame. Our friend did not say favour, but fever.

Den. Yes, my Lady—*faver*—that's it.

Ame. After a time you would be pleased with this New World.

Bull. Siss is de land of Liberty!

Den. Liberty! O yes! Fâit it is. If a man has no shoes and stockings he is at liberty to go barefoot! And then they tell me that in the winter, when the snow is up to a man's knees, he has the liberty to walk—if he can.

Ame. I see my brother coming—you and he will agree marvellously well! [*Bull and Dennis retire up.*]

Enter WENTWORTH.

Went. All the berths for to-day were engaged—but as I was coming away, a pert forward Frenchman stept up and offered me his berth, then ran off, and in a minute secured two for you and your servant—I refused—but there is no getting rid of a Frenchman's civility and his snuff-box.

Bull. [*Offering his box.*] Von pinch, if you please, Sair.

Ame. Monsieur Tonson.

Went. Here he is again!

Bull. We are old acquaintance for som minutes. I ave been appy to accomodate Monsieur Wentawort wid a my birt in de boat!

Ame. It is to you, then, we owe —

Bull. Noting at all—I get a snug caban from de capitain upon deck—ver convenient.

Went. So!—He gets a better place for himself by giving up some dirty hole to us—I thought so. That's French politeness!

Bull. [*Offering box.*] Nodare leetle pinch, Sair.

Went. [*Turns away.*] Who have we here?

Ame. A stranger, like ourselves, come to visit America.

Went. Another fool. [*Bull and Amelia retire laughing.*]

Den. You may say that. If ivver I get home again, I'll never complain of the hate, sure.

Went. You don't like this country, it seems.

Den. Is it the country? It's well enough, if one could get out of it alive.

Went. You don't like the people?

Den. I can't say much for their civility, any how. As I walk the streets of this town, when I meet a man, I give him the time of day, with a "good morning," says I, and "God bliss you." "Hay," says he—"Nan"—Now I nivver knew that "nan," and "hay," meant "thank you," and "God bliss you," before.

Went. And you want to go home again.

Den. Fait do I. It has cost me tree hundred dollars to larn what a hot day is.

Ame. But have you not consulted some friend, English or Irish, who has *resided* in this country?

Den. That's *what* I did. I went to the office of his Britannic Majesty's Counsel, but he was not in town—there I found a clark, an Irishman from

Dublin itself, and he told me to get home as fast as I could, for he had been twenty-nine years in the country, and all the Irish died as fast as they came over.

Ame. But he was alive!

Den. As jolly and red in the gills as bafe and port wine could make him.

Ame. After twenty-nine years' residence?

Bull. Ma foi! He is vat you call touf—he take him twenty-nine years to die! And he lyvf and merry yet—ver goot!

Den. Yes—but he is in the King's sarvice.

Went. Come along with me my good fellow. I will do every thing in my power to get you out of this country. [*Exit, Dennis following him.*]

Ame. Alive—I hope.

Den. [*Turns about and bows.*] Thank your Ladyship. [*Exit.*]

Ame. My brother will be delighted with this loyal Hibernian. I must make preparation—you will be in time?

Bull. I will. My preparations are made—I have a snug cabin on deck, where I have deposited some disguises, borrowed from the Bowery Theatre—and doubt not a happy denouement to our Trip to Niagara. [*Exeunt Amelia and Bull.*]

SCENE 2.

Steam-boat wharf, bottom of Courilandt-street, New-York.

Bell ringing. The usual bustle. Steam-boat Runners inviting passengers. View of Jersey City. Ships in the stream, &c.

1st Run. This way, Sir!—This way.

Enter Gentlemen and Ladies.

2nd Run. Which boat, Sir?

Gent. The New Philadelphia.

1st. Run. The North America is the fastest, Sir!

2nd Run. It's false!—This way, Sir! This way, Sir!—This way, Ma'am!

1st Run. This way, Sir!—We beat them by twenty minutes last trip.

2nd Run. We beat them, Sir!

Gent. Stand out of the way.

1st Run. That's right, Sir—this way—[*Shows the Travellers on board, and returns.*]

Enter WENTWORTH, followed by Porters with baggage. Miss WENTWORTH. NANCY, with a small basket, and DENNIS DOUGHERTY.

Den. Let me be carrying that for you, my dear.

Nan. No, thank you. It's my ridicule.

Den. Your, what?

Nan. My ridicule.

Den. Your—that's enough.

2nd Run. The New Philadelphia, Sir?

Went. No. To Albany.

Enter JOE JERRYSON, showing Travellers to the boat.

Den. [*Looking at Job, and pulling Wentworth by the sleeve.*] Sae him!—Sae him!

Job. Permit me to have the honour of showing you the way. [*Goes with Travellers on board.*]

Went. Well—what then?

Den. Don't go in the same boat with that gentleman—he has the black faver.

Went. Black enough.

1st Run. The North America is the best boat, Sir.

Ame. We have taken our berths—in which boat, brother?

Went. In the boat for Albany.

1st Run. They are all for Albany.

2nd Run. Quick, Sir! This way.

Den. How the craters are all running away from the faver!

2nd Run. I remember, Sir, you engaged berths on board our boat—you, and a French gentleman.

Went. Then take the baggage on board. No talking!

2nd Run. That's not my business.

Went. Yankee civility, again!

Ame. Nancy, show the porter—[*To 2nd Runner.*]
I'll thank you—Sir—

2nd Run. I will see all safe on board, Ma'am—but one don't like to be snubb'd. [*Assists Nancy and Porter, and goes on board.*]

1st Run. [*To Dennis.*] North America?

Enter JOB from the boat, and exit.

Den. Yes, as far north as his Majesty's dominions. Sae! There's the black faver again! By the powers he knows his place, and stays in New-York!

Went. You go with us.

Den. To be sure—but I've left my trunk—

Went. Run—

Den. Kape the boat! I'll run for dear life. [*Exit.*]

Enter BULL from the boat as JONATHAN, followed by the Engineer, in warm dispute.

Bull. I say it is too short.

Engin. Not at all.

Bull. But I know it is.

Engin. You find as much fault with the machinery, as if you were an Englishman.

Went. There! Amelia! You hear!

Bull. Why, you must admit, for sartin, that the piston is too short.

Engin. No, I don't.

Bull. Goody gracious, you're so tied up to your own notions, that you won't see the nose on your face, for all it stands right between your eyes. I'll appeal to this here gentleman.

Went. I know nothing about it [*Turns away.*]

Bull. I'll be darn'd but the piston is too short by abyout an inch and a quarter; and that there what d'you call it, is too long. If you would but have every thing to fit—slick—gracious me! you'd make your boat go like a streak o' chalk! so you would. Oh! I wish I had money enough to build a steam-boat—I wish I had!

Engin. And what would *you* do, if you *had* the money?

Bull. Keep it. [*Bell rings.*]

Engin. [*Runs on board.*] All on board.

Bull. Shall I help this Lady—Amelia!

Ame. [*Recognising him.*] Is it possible!

Went. Stand out of the way! Amelia, take my arm.

Bull. Well—when I want to learn politeness, I'll travel. [*All go on board.*]

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

The Bowery, with a view of the front of the Theatre. Enter DENNIS, with a trunk and bundles, dropping one while he secures another.

Den. I'm bother'd wid ye—so that's *that*—Sure I must be nare the stame-boat by this time—I've turn'd round 'till I don't know which turn will

sarve my turn next. Och! there's the big church, and now I'm to turn to my left hand—or my right—by my soul I forgot which—[*Enter two young men.*] Good afternoon to you, and God bliss ye, and—[*They look at him, laugh, and exit.*] Now there it is! That's all the information I get. [Others pass in various directions, and pay no attention to him.] Good evening to ye, and Heaven bliss—So! They are gone too! [Enter JOB JERRYSON, upper entrance, and comes down behind DENNIS, and passes him, his back towards him.] Good evening to you, Sir, if you please. [Job turns.] Och! it's the black-faced gentleman!—No nearer, if you please!

Job. What is your wish, friend?

Den. Kape off, if you please.—Can you tell me the way—a little further off, if you please.

Job. As far off as you please, friend. I do not wish to be nearer, I assure you. I am black, Sir; so was “noble Othello.”—How do I know but he was one of my forefathers?

Den. Four fathers! You don't pretend you had four fathers!

Job. Yes, Sir.

Den. And how many mothers?

Job. Contemptible!

Den. But, before you go, tell me the way.

Job. Which way would you go?

Den. By stame.

Job. Where?

Den. To Albany—kape off, if you please.

Job. My good man, this is the road to Boston.

Den. And where's the boat for Albany?

Job. My good Sir, you are quite out of the way; you must go back again—that way—till you see a church on your right hand.

Den. That's it.

Job. That, Sir, is the Bowery Theatre, and no Church, upon my honour.

Den. O thunder! A play house! Where shall I go?

Job. Go directly back; and when you come to St. Paul's, ask any gentleman, and he will tell you or show you the way.—I must go this way—I am in haste—[*looks at his watch*].—The ladies are waiting for me, 'pon honour. [*Exit.*]

Den. Back again—St. Paul's.—That's where the old gentleman stands night and day to keep watch over the door with a wooden sword—if he would show me the way to the river again, I'll get on board the first boat that goes by wind or stame—but may be Mr. Wintwort is waiting for me! O! let me get out of this devil of a place, any how! [*Exit.*]

DIORAMA, OR MOVING SCENERY.

The steam boat is seen as passing up the river.

- Scene 1. Harbour of New-York. Governor's Island. Ships at anchor.
2. Frigate at anchor. Jersey City.
 3. Hoboken.
 4. Weehawk.
 5. Palisades.
 6. Approaching storm.
 7. Storm.
 8. Boats passing through a fog.
 9. Clearing away and rainbow. Caldwell's landing. Boat stops.
 10. Highlands.
 11. Buttermilk Falls.
 12. West Point. Sun setting.
 13. Highlands continued.
 14. Newburgh by moonlight.
 15. Island near Newburgh.

16. Catskill Mountains in distance, and Mountain House.
17. Continuation of scenery.
18. Catskill landing.

The boat stops, and the passengers are seen putting off in a small boat, and landing at Catskill, at night.

Bar-room of the Inn at Catskill-landing. Night. Candles.

Enter WENTWORTH, followed by Landlord.

Went. So! Here we stay all night—the coach broke, and no other to be had.

Land. I am extremely sorry, Sir. But you may still be in time to see the sun rise from the front of the Mountain House. It is said to be the finest view in the world.

Went. It may be very well for this country.

Land. I see this is a grumbler. [*Exit.*]

Went. What fools we are to leave home, and expose ourselves to dangers and insults! and for what purpose? Can you give us a decent supper? I suppose not though. Why don't you answer? I say, can we have —? Gone! That's free and easy! Familiar! Waiter! Waiter!

Enter AMELIA and NANCY, attended by Landlord and Waiter, who assist with baggage, &c. &c.

Ame. Thank you, Sir.

Land. This way, Madam—Tom, show the Ladies into the parlour—carry the baggage up stairs!

Ame. Nancy, will you show which are our trunks, and have them taken care of.

Land. [*To Nancy.*] This way, Miss! [*To Amelia.*] I will see every thing attended to, Madam. [*Exeunt Landlord, Nancy and Waiter.*]

Went. So, sister, here we must stay, in this wretched dog-hole, to-night.

Ame. Dog-hole, brother? Every thing is very comfortable! And the people are very obliging.

Went. Are they? I haven't found it out.

Ame. Perhaps you did not seek it by the right light. Civility begets civility. Nay, I find that civility is met by the most friendly attentions from the people of this country. But I *have seen* rudeness answered by the treatment it always merits. What a delightful journey we have had!

Went. Have we?

Ame. Such weather! Such scenery!

Went. I was reading newspapers in the cabin, glad to get rid of the boring of the passengers. There was that infernal Yankee—and that detestable Frenchman—I hate a Frenchman!

Ame. O brother! brother! You must look through the other end of the glass, or you look in vain for pleasure! [*Exit.*]

Went. I hope, by stopping here, I have got rid of my two tormentors, the Yankee and the Frenchman. That chattering Frenchman stuck to me like pitch. His civility and his snuff-box are eternally thrust into every man's face!

Bull. [*Without.*] Malbrook s'en va—tang ta—Waiter, my ver goot friend—good fellow—[*Enters, shaking hands with the Waiter.*] Give a me some branty and vater—*vite*, queek!

Wait. Yes, Sir! [*Runs off.*]

Went. Waiter! Here is my tormentor.

Bull. Sair! How you do, by dis time—aha—Von pinch snuff, Sair! You do not speak a to me. Dat is ver polite. Ven I meet a you, I say to you, "good morning, Sair"—You say, "homph"—I say, "take a pinch snuff, Sair"—"homph"—"very fine weddare, Sair"—"homph." Vat is dat

“homph.” Now I say “Sair” to you—“homph!”
[*Turns off, and sits.*]

Went. Contemptible! [*Seats himself.*]

Bull. [*Waiter brings him brandy and water.*]

Dat is my goot fellow—John—you name John?

Wait. Tom, Sir!

Bull. Ver pret name—Tom! goot fellow, Tom!

Went. Waiter! Waiter, I say! Will no one attend to a gentleman! I suppose I can have no supper! Waiter! bring me a pair of slippers.

Bull. Vaiter! bring a me two pair slippares.

Went. You infernal scoundrel, why don't you obey me?—I will go to bed.

Bull. I vill go to two beds.

Went. [*Jumping up.*] Bring me a candle, and show me to my room.

Bull. Bring a me two candles, and show me to two room.

Went. There is nothing but vexation in the infernal country. I'll find the Landlord, and blow him to the devil. [*Exit.*]

Bull. Ha! ha! ha! Vat you laugh at, Vaiter? Tom, for vat you laugh? you dam fellow—ha!—Tom, take a de candles, and show me to my suppare—marsh—Tom—aha! Malbrook sen va t'en guere. [*Exeunt. Waiter preceding him with candles.*]

END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE—the Mountain, or Pine Orchard House. *The stage represents the rock in front of the house—a view of the house and of the distant scenery. Sun rises during the scene.*

Enter WENTWORTH and AMELIA.

Ame. This is indeed sublime.

Went. Humph! Well enough for this country.

Ame. See how beautifully the majestic Hudson, diminished by distance to the size of a rivulet, meanders through fields, forests, and meadows, which are reduced in appearance to garden flower-beds. You don't enjoy the prospect, brother.

Went. I can think of nothing but that infernal Frenchman; he teased me all day, insulted me in the evening, by calling, like an echo, for every thing I called for *doubled*—and in the middle of the night I heard him open his diabolical plan.

Ame. What?—His plan!

Went. I heard him—but I discovered and defeated his plot—I discovered his *intention*.

Ame. Indeed—You have, then, discovered ——

Went. Yes—I have—I overheard him in the next room to mine, talking to himself—I got up and looked through the key-hole, and I discovered all. I heard enough to let me into the plot.

Ame. Well, it was an innocent attempt, for your good.

Went. Innocent!

Ame. Yes, I am sure it was meant for your good, brother.

Went. What? Murder me for my good!

Ame. Murder you?

Went. Yes, Ma'am! I saw him sharpening a razor. I heard him say, "Aha! Mr. Bull, this will do your business, Mr. Bull."

Ame. Mr. Bull! Ah! now I understand. [*Aside.*]

Went. All these Frenchmen call us English, Mr. and Mrs. Bull, you know—"this will do your business, Mr. Bull"—There he stood by the table, the candle shining full upon the razor and his ugly black face, he stropping away and feeling the edge now and then, "aha!" says he, "this will do, this will take it off at one sweep." Meaning my head—no doubt.

Ame. Meaning his own beard, more likely. And was this all?

Went. All! Sister! Sister! You are enough to provoke a saint! But I've got rid of the scoundrel—I took out my pistols——

Ame. You didn't murder him, I hope! Heavens!

Went. If he had attempted to enter my chamber, I should have tried an English bullet on his French razor! But my taking out my pistols made such a noise, that he found I was prepared, and he gave up the attempt, and decamped, I suppose, for I see nothing of him this morning. Here's another torment.

Enter LEATHER-STOCKING—dress as described in J. F. Cooper's Pioneers. On his head, a cap made of fox skin—hair gray—face sun burnt—check shirt—deer skin coat, with the hair on, tied with a belt of coloured worsted—buckskin breeches and leggins—a belt over his shoulder, suspending a horn for powder. A leather pouch before him for balls, &c. A long rifle.

Ame. Is he an Indian? A wild and noble figure. An Indian?

Went. I hope so—yes—yet he don't look like the wax Indian in the museum at New-York.

Leather. All changed ! The beasts of the forest all gone ! What is worth living for here, now ! All spoilt ! All spoilt !

Went. He speaks English. Are you an Indian ?

Leather. No—I am a white skin.

Went. Not much of that.

Leather. Pure white, without a cross. But I have lived with the red skins most of my life, and that's not a short one.

Ame. Do you live here ?

Leather. No ! What's worth living for, here ? I am going far west, with the deer and the Indians ; and I thought I would look once more at the Catskills, for old acquaintance sake. But all is spoilt—the settlers spoil all !

Ame. All is lovely ! What do you mean ?

Leather. O ! This was a Paradise once ! The game was plenty—and none to meddle—only mayhap a party of Delaware's, now and then—or a scout of them thieves, the Iroquois.

Went. Good shooting, and no Frenchmen or Yankees ! I like your taste.

Leather. There were two or three Frenchmen that squatted in the flats further west, and married squaws—but I had the mountains to myself.

Ame. It must have been a melancholy life. To roam over these hills, and look upon this beautiful stream below, without a soul to speak to.

Leather. Melancholy—no, young woman ! It was cheerful. When the trees began to be kiver'd with leaves, and the ice was out of the river ; when the birds came back from the south, and all nater lifted its song to its Maker—think you not that the hunter's thanksgiving went up to Heaven with the song of all around him ?

Ame. Oh yes—but he was alone—but *now*, see the smoke rising from a thousand habitations, and

the fields covered with grain and fruit, for a thousand happy families.

Leather. The smoke rises to heaven ; but do the thanks of the people rise with it ?

Went. He's right—they are an unthankful race !
You are an Englishman ?

Leather. By descent ; but a *born* Yankee. As good as most men I meet with—always excepting the red skins. But I perceive, young woman, *you* look with pleasure on what you see from this hill.

Ame. I do, indeed.

Leather. So did I once ! I was on that there hill-top when Vaughan burnt Sopus. The river was in sight under my feet for seventy miles, looking like a curled shaving, though it was eight long miles to its banks. I saw the Hampshire grants, the highlands, and all creation beneath me. All that God had done, or man could undo, as far as eye could reach—and the red skins call *me, Hawks-eye.*

Ame. It was, and *is*, a glorious sight.

Leather. For them that likes to be a mile high in the air, and see men's farms and housen, *at your feet* ; and rivers looking like ribands. But there's a place a short way back here, that I relish of late more than this ; it's more kiver'd with trees, and the water falls from the hill like foam from heaven.

Ame. Where ? Can you not guide us to it.

Went. After breakfast—after breakfast.

Leather. I'll guide you, and help your delicate limbs over the rough and wet places, although I am rough myself. On that spot I speak of, I once saved a beautiful woman, like you, from the spring of a painter.

Ame. A painter ?

Went. One of those foolish fellows, I suppose, who go about, to places like this, climbing precipices, at the risk of their necks, with port folios and

three legged stools and pencils, to make sketches of what they call fine scenery. Ha ! Wasn't it ?

Leather. Anan ?

Went. What did you do with the painter ?

Leather. I shot him.

Ame. Shot him !

Leather. I never miss my aim.

Went. Poor devil—but it served him right. What do people thrust themselves into harm's way for, when they should be safe at home ?

Leather. He was at home. It was the young woman who was abroad.

Went. The painter was not an Englishman, then ?

Leather. Anan ?

Went. Was he a native ?

Leather. No doubt—and the biggest I ever saw.

Ame. And you shot him ?

Leather. Just as he was going to spring on the gal.

Went. I always had a bad opinion of those vagabond sketching blades.

Ame. And you saved her ?

Leather. She didn't see the creater, and he didn't see me—I leveld just over her shoulder, and hit him between the eyes. [*Chuckling.*] He ! he—He roll'd down the rock, harmless as a lamb—the gal was skeart—but I saved her !—I wore the creater's skin ever since.

Ame. Horrid !—His skin !

Went. The painter's skin ?

Leather. This coat is made of it.

Ame. O—a panther ! Now I understand.

Went. A panther—not a painter—a panther.

Leather. Anan ? I don't know how the books call the animal, but his skin was the finest I ever saw of the kind.

Ame. And you saved a female from this terrible beast ? The place is free from such now ?

Leather. It is now only visited by men.

Went. *Painters* of pictures, and fools who travel to see wonders.

Ame. And this happened near the beautiful cataract you mentioned.

Leather. It did. I had to drag the beast from the stream, that I might save his fur coat; for he fell where the water lights after it leaps from the rock.

Ame. To what river is the water you speak of tributary?

Leather. Anan?

Ame. Which way does it go?

Leather. It's a drop for old Hudson. I've sat on the shelving rock many a long hour, and watched the bubbles as they shot by me, and thought how long it would be before that very water would be under the bottom of a vessel and tossing in the salt sea.

Ame. And then raised to the clouds, and descending on the mountain top again. So turns the great wheel of nature! In one immutable round of mutation! One unchanging circle of incessant change!

Leather. Anan?

Ame. O! I am impatient to see the place you have so eloquently described.

Went. After breakfast.

Leather. Well, when you wish to go, ask for Leather-Stocking, or Natty Bumpo; or if you ask of an Indian, call me Hawks-eye—I answer to all these names, and, he, he, he, [*Chuckling*] have one of my own, besides. [*Exit.*]

Went. Strange animal! Come Amelia.

Enter BULL, meeting them, as JONATHAN, with a bell-shaped pumpkin tied to the bough of a pear tree.

Bull. Good morning, Miss—and the same to you, Mister—I'm glad I've met you again, you're so tar-nal agreeable, and take to my conversation so meazingly.

Ame. Good morning, Mr. Jonathan—what's your other name?

Bull. Doolittle—at your sarvice, Miss.

Ame. What have you got there?

Bull. It's a sample of our Yankee pears. I guess as how, Mister, you mightent ha got sich in your country.

Ame. Not as large.

Went. Every bit as large.

Ame. Oh, brother!

Went. Very nearly as large.

Ame. Oh, no!

Went. Half as large, I'm sure.

Ame. No, no, brother.

Went. I'm sure I've seen pears very nearly half as large.

Ame. Oh, no.

Went. What! would you reduce English pears to the size of nutmegs.

Bull. I made a cargo of nutmegs once.

Went. You make nutmegs. These Yankees will undertake to make any thing—they make nothing of saying they made it, whether they made it or no. You make nutmegs!

Bull. Yes, and made a pretty penny by 'em too. I made 'em out of pine plank, and sold the whole cargo to a grocer in York. Uncle Ben said it was as slick a trick as ever was hatch'd east'ard. Did you ever hear of uncle Ben?

Went. Damn your uncle Ben!

Bull. Oh no! don't darn uncle Ben. Darn me as much as you please—but uncle Ben's a deacon, and it's a kynd of blasphemy to darn a deacon. [*Bell rings.*] Ha! I guess that's for breakfast, up at the house, there.

Went. Come, Amelia—let's get rid of this fool—or knave. [*They are going.*]

Bull. [*Following.*] Won't you put the pear in your pocket?

Went. Damn your pear!

Bull. I'll carry it in, and have it sarved up for sa'ace at the breakfast. [*Exeunt up the stage.* *Amelia looks back, and shakes her finger at Bull.* *He follows laughing.*]

SCENE 2.

The waterfall and cave, or recess in the rock. Enter AMELIA and LEATHER-STOCKING, he assisting her: WENTWORTH following down the rocks—stops.

Leather. Now, you are safe, young woman.

Ame. Thank you. I felt safe all the time, under your care.

Leather. Any woman may do that.

Went. You wild man, help me down this curst place! Oh, that I should ever leave home for this! Help!

Leather. [*Puts him in safety.*] There! now look around you.

Ame. Sublime! How bold! How picturesque!

Went. But I would rather sit at home and see it. Besides, I am tired of new plantations, and new towns. A traveller's delight is the remains of cities and temples, the proofs of Time's resistless power—as the poet says.—Give me broken pil-

lars and obliterated inscriptions, bricks from Babel, and mummies from Egypt.

Ame. And give me present joy, in scenes of happiness spread around me, by the hand of my beneficent Creator. Oh, brother! I had rather, much rather, see the ruby lips, and sparkling glance of youth, than the ashen hue, and leaden eye of age.

Went. Sister, have you lost your veneration for age?

Ame. For "age by itself age," as we used to say of the letters of the alphabet--yes. But for the wisdom which ought to accompany age, I entertain the deepest veneration.

Leather. You, young woman, see and feel the hand of your Creator in his mighty works. You, have a hunter's heart, a heart that is lifted to heaven, while you look on the wonders of the arth. You, enjoy, and are thankful.

Ame. You do me justice.

Went. There is some sense in travelling with a man like you, that can help one at a pinch. I wish you were an Englishman.

Leather. What's the difference? Our fathers are the same. I have fought by the side of Englishmen in Wolfe's war, and helpt 'em cut up the French and Iroquois, in them there times; and many a tough fight, and wild skrimmage has Leather-Stocking shared with an Englishman at his side, though he is a Yankee.

Went. You are no Yankee.

Leather. He, he, he! [*Chuckling.*] But I am though, and I have proved it, at Saratoga, and at Tippacannoo, and Chippawa.

Ame. Have you been all your life a soldier?

Leather. No soger! I never carried smooth-bore or baggonet. I have been all my life a ranger, in peace and war. In peace this rifle never mist deer or duck; and in war, it has been as harmful to my

country's invaders, as any smooth-bore or baggonet piece of 'em all. But times are alter'd, I am old, the game is driven west. This is no place for a ranger.

Went. We are going north or west, too—I don't exactly know which—to Niagara.

Leather. That was once wild enough. Fit to look on—but it's spoilt now. What has housen and bridges to do among the wonders of heaven? They spoil all—they spoil all!

Ame. Go with us.

Leather. No. I go to the prairie and the wilderness. Men are not for me. I have performed my promise, and shown you a place worth looking at.

Ame. You have indeed.

Leather. Then good by! remember old Leather-Stocking, when you return to your country. The country of our fathers! Old England. [*Exit.*]

Ame. Strange being! fit for scenes like this.

Went. Come! I wish he had staid to help me back again. Come, Amelia—we must go farther, I suppose.

Ame. On, brother! on to Niagara. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3.

State-street, Albany. The Capitol at a distance. Enter BULL as JONATHAN, and AMELIA.

Bull. Could you have thought that prejudice would make any man believe that another man, merely because a native of another country, could design in cold blood to murder him, without cause or provocation? "This will do your business, Mr. Bull."

Ame. Prejudice will make men believe any thing. But I don't see how you are to cure my brother. You make him worse and worse.

Bull. The disease must be increased to make the cure radical. The crisis is nigh ——. Here he comes. You are so tarnal good nater'd, Miss, that I could like to tell you stories all day long.

Enter WENTWORTH.

Went. I wonder you will suffer that clown to talk to you, sister.

Ame. You left me, brother, and I was glad to have a fellow-traveller near me. He is acquainted in Albany—knows every body.

Went. [*Takes out a snuff-box, and takes a pinch.*] I have got a head-ach in that tiresome boat.

Bull. I see you English folk do like a pinch of snuff, now and then, as well as the French. That's very fine snuff, I guess.

Went. Yes. I bought it in London for my own use. [*Puts the box in his pocket.*]

Bull. For your own use! So it seems. Now darn it, that puts me in mind of Nathan's orange. [*Wentworth turns from him.*] You must know, Miss, our Nathan went to town, and he brought home an orange; 'twas a meazing fine one, that's sartin. "Nathan," says I, "that's a beauty of an orange"—I thought the creetur would a gin me a bit. "Yes," says he, "Jonathan, it is a beauty. Look! You may look on it, Jonathan," says he, "and you may smell on it, but you mustn't taste on it—cause—mother sets on it." Now, I guess, you set on your snuff, Mister, I reckon. [*Enter Porters and Nancy.*]

Went. Impertinent fool! I have forgot the name of the hotel or tavern they directed me to.

Nan. Mr. Crooked Mans, Sir.

Bull. I guess as how you mean Cruttenden's—a little man, up on the top of the hill, yonder, by the Capitol.

Went. Little! every thing is under size in this country.

Ame. You will except pears, brother.

Nan. Do you know, Sir, they all said that *that* great pear was a pumpkin.

Went. Go on, Miss Pert, with the baggage. All the servants are spoilt here. Who gave you leave to speak.

Nan. Every body speaks, as likes, here.

Ame. Come Nancy—hush! [*Exeunt Amelia, Nancy, and Porters with baggage.*]

Bull. You find every thing under size in this country, Sir?

Went. What if I do, Sir?

Bull. I'm of your opinion, Sir. I have been a gret traveller in this country, Sir. I have dicker'd tin-ware for old iron and brass, all the way from Maine to New-Orleans. And I've a notion that the Mississippi won't compare with the Thames, any more than the Falls of Niagara will stand by the side of the cascade in Vauxhall Garden. I know the people of this country brag, and for all I'm a native Yankee, you will find that I think them no better than they should be.

Went. I see you are a man of more sense than I took you for. I like an unprejudiced man.

Bull. Like yourself, Sir. That's nateral. I'll show you the way to Cruttenden's, the little man on the hill, and I'll let you into the true notion of these Yankees—every mother's son of them.

Went. Thank you. Come along.

Bull. I will. [*Takes Wentworth's arm, who shakes him off.*] I'll open your eyes, Sir. [*Aside.*] You shall know a pear from a pumpkin before we part. [*Exeunt. Bull following Wentworth.*]

SCENE 4.

The little falls of the Mohawk. A view of the stupendous rocks, through which the river flows. A part of the town. The canal and the aqueduct crossing the river. Enter WENTWORTH, AMELIA, and other travellers. Travellers pass over the stage, and go off.

Ame. This is delightful, brother.

Went. Is it?

Ame. The opportunity we so frequently have, of stepping from the canal-boat, and thus walking on the bank, adds to the pleasure derived from the ever changing scenery that is presented to us.

Went. Pleasure! To be dragged along upon a muddy ditch, hour after hour, in constant dread of lifting your head above your knees for fear of having it knock'd off your shoulders by a bridge!

Ame. But your head is safe, now, notwithstanding the Frenchman's razor, and the canal bridges, and you must admire this great patriotic work—this union of the inland seas with the Atlantic Ocean.

Went. What is this, to the work of the Duke of Bridgewater.

Ame. Let praise be given, where praise is due. There are two names, which will live in the memories of Americans, as long as they can appreciate the blessings that flow in a rapid interchange of every good from one extreme of their republic to the other. Fulton and Clinton. And I hope that the gratitude of their countrymen, will not only be shown to their names and memories, but to their children, and their children's children.

Went. Where's Doolittle? I begin to like that fellow. He sees things as I do.

Ame. We left him talking with a Dutchman. Here he comes.

Enter BULL as JONATHAN.

Bull. What do you think that tarnation Mohawk Dutchman says?

Went. Praises the great canal, I suppose.

Bull. No. He says, "Effer since Ginton gut de pig canawl, de peef ant putter of de Sharman-flats ave falt fifty bur shent; ant dey pring all de tam dings to New-York, all de vay from Puffallo, ant de tuyvil knows vere."

Ame. Ha, ha, ha! Fault finding every where. Brother, I will walk on. [*Exit Amelia.*]

Went. I dare say he is right. But, Mr. Doolittle, when shall we get to the wilderness?

Bull. Ah, that's what every body says. But these curst creeturs have spoilt all that. What with their turnpike roads, and canals, they have gone, like tarnal fools as they are, and put towns and villages, gardens and orchards, churches and schools, and sich common things, where the woods and wild beasts and Indians and rattlesnakes ought to have ben. Shall I tell you what my uncle Ben said?

Den. [*Without.*] O, ho, ub bub bugh, hallo!

Went. I see some one in that canal-boat, waving his hat to us. I think it is—yes—there! He jumps ashore and runs this way.

Bull. Who the nation is it?

Went. I believe it's an Irish farmer that the boat left behind in New-York. It is!

Den. [*Without.*] Stop a bit Mr. Wintwort! Stop a bit.

Bull. He thinks the yellow fever is at his heels.

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Ah! Sure enough it is you! I've cotch you at last! And now I may fale safe again, any how!

Went. Safe! why, what has happened?

Den. Why you know the *first* time I came with you, I came *last*, and I didn't come at all you know *before*, becasse the boat left me *behind*.

Bull. So, you came *first* at *last*, *after all*; and you didn't come at all, because you were *behind*, *before*.

Den. That's it. [*To Wentworth.*] Who may this civil, *clars-spoken* gentleman be?

Went. Mr. Doolittle. One of the natives of this country. A Yankee.

Den. O! a Yankee. You nivver have the fa-ver among yoursilves, you natives, but only kape it for us of the ould country.

Bull. Now, you, I wonder how we should keep it if we never have it? That would be cute—I guess.

Den. I thought, once, I would be made a native, mysilf, that I might be safe.

Went. But you were born in Ireland, you know.

Den. What signifies *that*? And haven't I seen Irishmen all the way as I came along, and they told me they were made natives. But, now, how could you lave me, Mr. Wintwort?

Went. I thought we had lost you, my friend.

Den. Not at all; it was I lost my passage. But I wouldn't be left any more, any how, and so I went aboard of the nixt boat that wint off, thinking I would catch you, but she happend to go t'other way, and where do you think they took me to, of all places in the world?

Went. That I can't tell.

Den. How should you, if you don't know? Will then, they carried me to the place where they put all the yellow faver people at, I suppose to keep one another in countenance.

Bull. What? To the quarantine ground!

Den. That's it. "What place is that?" says I. "It's the hospital for the faver," says he. "And sure you wouldn't put me there?" says I. "That's as you like," says he. "The divvil a bit of like, nor will I go ashore at all." And so I wouldn't till they brought me back again to York.

Bull. That was a Yankee trick. What them there serpents call a joke.

Went. So you went ashore at York?

Den. I did. But not on the land. I went ashore on the river. I landed on a boat, for I took up my board and lodging in the stame-boat for Albany; and I made sure to get a bert in the fore-castle, that I mightn't be behind this time, any how.

Went. And so followed me all this long way.

Den. That I did. For I thought that would be the most likely way to overtake you. And I thought I would have your protection, sure I would, 'till I get safe into his Majesty's dominions. And I axt for you at Albany, and they said you had gone on up the canal.

Went. They remembered me?

Den. Yes. Says they, "The man that grumbles at every thing." "That's Mr. Wintwort," says I.

Bull. I told you what the Yankees were.

Den. So, by the powers, I've been riding in a boat behind tree horses day and night to catch you—and here you are going a fut all the time.

Went. Our boat is ahead.

Den. Then you are behind this time.

Bull. See, Mister, what ignorant creeturs these

Yankees are. [*Points to a sign by a hovel of a tavern.*] T. R. O. F. for horses to drink out of.

Den. Sure enough. And they might so azily spelt it right, by only putting another *ef* at the end.

Bull. True. I see you are a scholar.

Den. I was once—when I was a little boy.

Went. But, Dennis, my good fellow, you must want money by this time, after travelling so far.

Den. O fait the stame-boat was chape enough; any how; and when I came to the canal, I work'd my passage.

Went. Work'd your passage?

Den. Yes. It was my own proposal. For I found my dollars grow light. "Work your passage, Pat," says a civil man, like that gentleman, [*pointing to Bull,*] laughing all the time. "You are the man I want," says he. "That's what they all say," says I. So I went on board, and when the boat started, they put me ashore to lade the horses.

Bull. Yankee, again, forever!

Went. And you walk'd all the way before the horses?

Den. I'll tell you. "Pat, how do you like sailing in the canal-boat?" says the civil grinning gentleman, like that [*pointing to Bull.*] "Fait," says I, "if it was not for the name of the thing, I'm thinking I might as well be walking a fut."

Bull. Ha, ha, ha! and what said the Yankee?

Den. "Stip aboard," says he, "and take some bafe and whiskey; you shall work the rest of your passage wid your tathe."

Bull. Well done, both Pat and Yankee! I see the boat is crossing the river on that unnatural thingumbob they call an aqueduct; and if we don't hurry a bit, we shall be left.

Den. Lift in this place! it would be horrible!

Bull Wouldn't it. *Exeunt—while the canal-boat is seen crossing the river on the aqueduct.]*

SCENE 5.

Hotel at Buffalo. Chamber. Enter BULL as JONATHAN, (a cart whip under his arm,) and WENTWORTH.

Went. So, this is Buffalo! And I'm on the shores of Lake Erie! And what do I see after all. A town like other towns, water like other water, and people like other people—only made worse by democracy. I have not seen a well behaved man since I came into the country, only a wild half Indian.

Bull. You must a kept bad company, I guess. But you have such coaxing ways with you, you are so kind and accommodating, that it's a wonder every body doesn't try might and main to please you. But I must say, though I was unfortunate enough to be born in *this* country, that the Yankees are the most ungrateful creeturs upon arth. You are so civil to every body, and so agreeable to every thing—and yet I don't see any body cares a button for you.

Went. What do you mean by that?

Bull. I've seen the waiters, blacks and all, laugh at you behind your back.

Went. [*Aside.*] I don't know what to make of this fellow.

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Mr. Wintwort, Sir! Can you tell how all

this great big sae came to be here on dry land, out of its place?

Went. What do you mean?

Den. They call it a lake, but it's a sae, for I saw the ships mysilf. But the people of this country would always be imposing upon furriners—as if I didn't know the Lake of Killarney—what's this to that?

Bull. I was just a telling Squire Wentworth what a darn'd twistical country this is. Now *you* see the evil of the thing.

Den. Fait and I see nothing else.

Bull. And nothing else will you see, among them sarpen's, but one slippery trick or 'nother to get inside your head or your pocket. Did I ever tell you, Squire Wentworth, how my own brother Nathan serv'd me?

Went. I don't want to hear.

Bull. Not about the orange, but another time.

Den. Let's hare, if you plase.

Bull. Well—you must know, Nathan and I were out duck shooting on the Connecticut river in father's skiff. We had meazing fine sport, we had; but just as I was priming my gun, some how or 'nother I drops my powder horn, and the curst thing went right over, plump into the river, and pop down to the bottom. "There," says I, "only look o'that!"—"Nathan," says I, "lend me your powder horn to prime." And would you believe it? The stingy creetur wouldn't. "Well then," says I, "you're a good diver—Nathan—there it is—I see it—dive down and fetch it—and I'll give you some." Well—he did so. Down he went—and there he staid.

Den. For what would he stay?

Bull. That puzzled me. But I look'd down—the water was meazing clear—and what do you think he was doing?

Den. How should I know.

Bull. There I saw the tarnal creetur emptying my powder into his own powder horn.

Went. At the bottom of the river? Do you think we believe such stuff.

Den. I don't doubt it at all. And I shouldn't wonder if he had set fire to the river, and blow'd you and the boat to the divvil, and then he would have all the powder himsilf.

Bull. Did the tarnal creeturs ever feed you on tarrappin soup?

Den. That's the very name of it sure enough! I was going to ate, but I saw something like little black fingers and toes in it.

Bull. O! you smok'd the thing. Tarrappin is the cant word for young nigger.

Den. O, thunder!

Went. How this Yankee is quizzing the Irishman.

Bull. They have another dish they like meazingly. Barbacued papoos. Papoos is the name they give the young Indians.

Went. Pooh, pooh!

Den. No. Not pooh, pooh—papoos.

Bull. Yes. Papoos.

Den. And do they ate Indian?

Bull. Every day.

Went. No, no! he's quizzing you. No such thing.

Den. It's true! by the powers its true! and *that* accounts for it. Didn't I mysilf, one day, in the skirts of New-York, just stip into a house, and ax an old woman, who had a big pot over the fire, to give me a drink of water. And what do you think she said? "As soon as I have put the Indian in the pot," says she. Och! I didn't know what it meant—at all—but that accounts for it. I don't

wonder they have the faver! Ate Indian! It puts me in a faver to spake of it.

Went. Nonsense, nonsense!

Bull. Nothing more common. They make Indian dumplings and Indian puddings, and the little white-headed Yankee children fatten upon Indian, as the English boys and girls do upon blood puddings.

Went. This Irishman will believe any thing.

Bull. Do you see this here? [*The whip.*] Now what do you think the people of this country do with sich.

Den. Whip their horses, sure.

Bull. It's to whip niggers. They drive the black creeturs into the tobacco patches, and keep 'em working in the hot sun, 'till their wool blazes again.

Den. O, the poor cratures! Fait, and I know what a hot sun is, and I paid for my larning.

Went. Pooh, pooh! You must not believe such tales.

Den. Now, Mister Wintwort, you naden't think to smooth it over wid blarney. I have sane enough mysilf to make me belave any thing of a country to which they saduce poor Irishmen only to bury them, and have their coffins ready made without even the dasent sirimony of measuring the corpse. And didn't I see the woman boil the Indian? Och! Let me once get safe to Canada, under the king's flag, and you will nivver catch Dennis Dougherty in the states again. [*Exit.*]

Went. Why would you encourage that poor fellow's prejudices, when you know that neither the people nor the country are as bad as you make them.

Bull. Ah, ha! do you begin to think so?

Went. I begin to think that I have done both the people and country injustice.

Bull. I am glad of it, Mister, for your own sake.

To tell you the truth, I have been quizzing *you* a little. Only for your own good. And though *you* do not believe that the Indian for the pot or the bake-pan is the same that wields the scalping-knife and the tomahawk, you have had prejudices almost as strong as Dennis Dougherty's. Prejudices which have made you a subject of ridicule to the people you have affected to despise.

Went. This is very strange language—and yet—after all—there is a blunt sort of *John Bullism* about you—that I like—a little.

Bull. The more you know of me the better you will like me. And now, let me advise you, for your own comfort, to treat every body with civility, wherever you go—and you will find civility and kindness in return.

Went. Well, well, well! I believe you are right. Here, Waiter! come here my good fellow!

Bull. That's right.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Please to have, Sir?

Went. Boot-jack and slippers, and a candle, if you please.

Wait. Instantly, Sir! [*Running off.*]

Bull. [*As Frenchman.*] Vaitare! [*Waiter stops.*] Von leetle piece candale, and *von* bed, after you ave a served my frent, Mistare Ventawort, if you please, Sair! [*Exit Waiter, Amelia appears.*]

Went. What, are you the Frenchman, too!

Bull. Neither Frenchman nor Yankee, but your old acquaintance, John Bull, of Westminster. [*Throws off disguise.*] Give me your hand!

Went. Is it possible.

Enter AMELIA.

Ame. Yes, brother, your English friend, and your English sister, have been in a plot—not to cut off your head, with a razor—but to cure you of a disease which made you unhappy, and caused that incivility from others of which you complained—*fault finding.*

Went. You are right. Thank ye both. But I am glad my physicians were English! that's some consolation!

Bull. And I have been stimulated to play two parts in this travelling comedy, by the promise of your sister's hand, as my reward—if I cure you. No cure no pay.

Went. I see it all. And you have been in the plot all this time. [*To Amelia.*]

Ame. "An innocent plot, brother—I am sure it was meant for your good."—Ha, ha, ha!

Went. Well, I will see things as they are. Take her hand.

Bull. With all my heart. That's the regular receiving speech, I believe, on such occasions. Remember the lesson, Wentworth, and John Bull will be as much respected and loved in America, as he is in every other part of the world. And now, huzza for the Falls of Niagara!

SCENE 6.

The Falls of Niagara, as seen from below, on the American side. Table-rock. LEATHER-STOCKING is discovered sitting on a rock. He rises and comes forward.

Leather. This looks as it used to do, they can't spoil this—yet a while—Hawks-eye has taken his

last look at the places he loved, and now away to the prairie, the woods, and the grave. [*He turns to go.*]

Enter AMELIA, NANCY, WENTWORTH and BULL.
[*In his own dress.*]

Went. This is indeed a scene of wonders.

Ame. What? Our friend the hunter!

Leather. [*Comes forward.*] Young woman—I thought I had taken leave of you—and all! But I am going.

Went. Your hand. [*Grasps his hand.*] Wherever you go, take the hearty salute of an Englishman.

Leather. It is not the first time this hand has grappled a Briton's—as friend and as foe.

Went. Henceforth, forever friends!

Leather. Forever! [*Goes off slowly.*]

Enter DENNIS.

Den. [*Speaks as he enters.*] Mr. Wintwort! Mr. Wintwort! And am I in Canada? Am I safe in his Majesty's dominions?

Bull. Not yet. But within sight of them.

Den. And where is the blessed spot.

Bull. Do you see that rock?

Den. Fait, I do.

Bull. That's it.

Den. And is that Canada?

Bull. That's the famous Table-rock.

Den. And sure if a man had his mate on that table, he would have enough water to mix with his whiskey, any how. And Mr. Wintwort, am I in the yellow faver states yet?

Ame. We are still in the United States. Still in the great and flourishing state of New-York.

Den. O the divvil! New-York here!

Went. We will cross over, good fellow, and take you with us to his Majesty's dominions.

Den. And shall I then be safe under the King's flag?

Bull. As sure as you are an Irishman, travelling for improvement.

Den. Why then that's sure enough.

Bull. You have learnt something.

Den. And it isn't a little I've learnt. I've learnt what hate is; and that cost me something in flesh and money. I've sane the world, and it's cost me all I was wort in the world to see it. And I've sane liberty, of all shapes and colours; and now I'm at liberty to go home again—if I can get there.

Went. You came to me for protection, and you shall find it. I will take you home—put you on a farm—and think myself happy to have so honest a friend and tenant.

Den. Long life to your honour! I think I am a head of the faver this time, any how.

Ame. Well, brother, you are pleased, I hope.

Went. I am amply repaid for all my dangers. When the film of prejudice is removed from the eye, man sees in his fellow-man of every clime a brother. And in this happy country, the stranger has ever found a reception that calls for the warmest feelings of gratitude. Yes, sister, I *am* pleased; and if all present agree to be pleased, we shall have reason to bless our Trip to Niagara.

THE END.